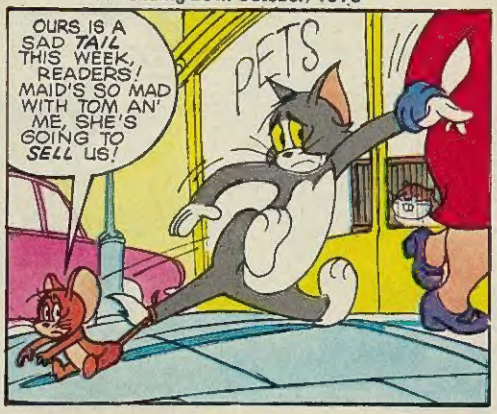
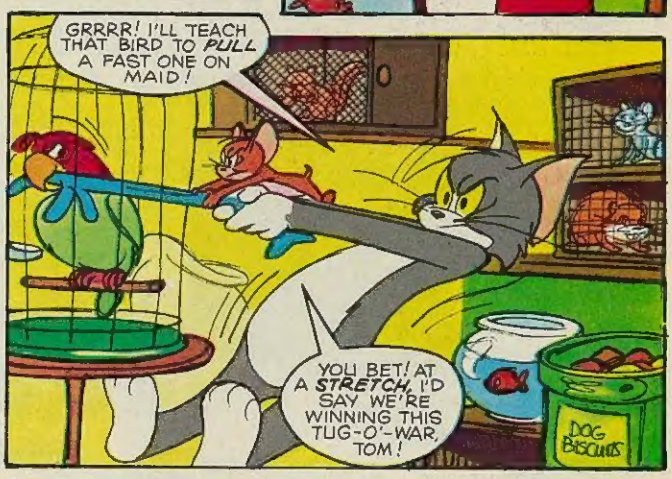
New Tarzan and Dr Who stories inside!

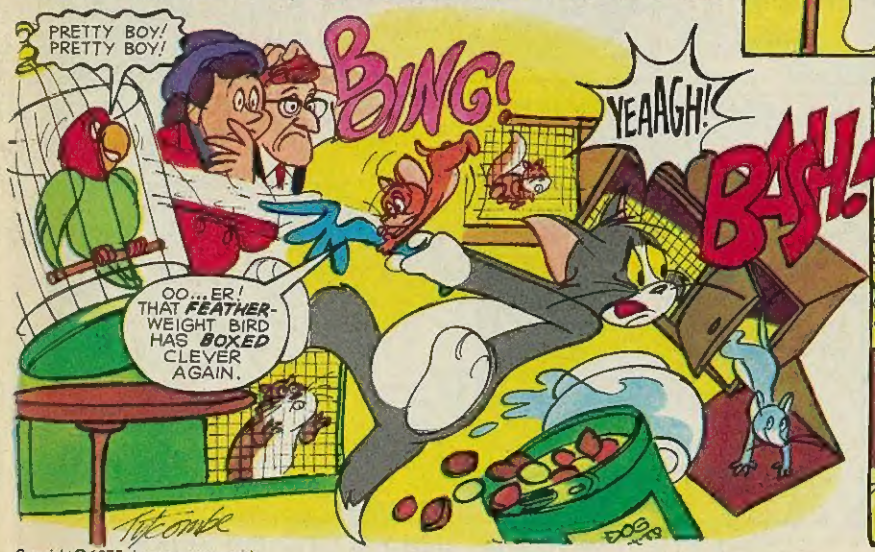
TV COMIC 9p

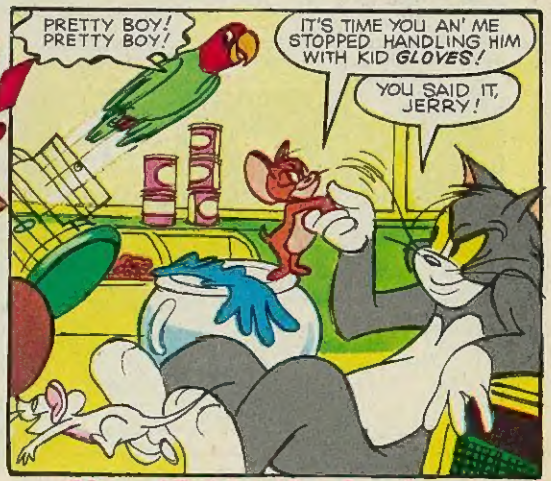
Every Monday | Week ending 25th October, 1975 | Number 1245

TOM and JERRY









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Now 'fly' to the back cover!

The WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG- and CUSTARD the CAT
Roobarb
AS AN INQUISITIVE CANINE, ROOBARB LIKES TO LOOK AT BOOKS...
YEEEERK! WHAT'S THAT?
AND WHO IS IT THAT KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS?
HO! HO! THAT'S A WITCH! THEY CAST SPELLS AND FLY ON BROOMSTICKS. I HAD A BLACK COUSIN WHO LIVED WITH ONE!
SPELLS FOR BEGINNERS
REALLY? HOW JOLLY EXCITING!
AND SO...
MEET ROOBARB THE FIRST DOG-WITCH IN THE WORLD!
WHOOSH!
SPELLS FOR BEGINNERS
STAND BY, WHILE I CAST MY FIRST SPELL!
IT DEFINITELY BRINGS BAD LUCK TO SOME...
CLONK!
OUCH!
SORRY, CUSTARD! I AM ONLY A BEGINNER!
GAH! YOU CAN TAKE YOUR SPELLS AND YOURSELF AND DISAPPEAR!
BUT ROOBARB IS A HARD HOUND TO KEEP DOWN, AND...
MAYBE I'LL BE BETTER AT FLYING ABOUT ON A BROOMSTICK.
THEN, LIKE ANY GOOD WITCH, ROOBARB WAITS TILL THE MOON APPEARS...
STAND BY TO SOAR THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY...
PHUTT!
VROOM!
WHAT ON EARTH...? YEEIKES!
BUT SOME WITCHES' BROOMS AREN'T REALLY 'MAGIC' OR RELIABLE...
OO...ER! THE ENGINE'S CONKED OUT.
YEOWL! IT'S COMING FOR ME—I'M OFF!
TOO LATE!
KER-THUMP!
OOPS!
OOOMPH!
GRR! I'LL GIVE YOU WITCHES! YOU SPELL NOTHING BUT TROUBLE!
OUCH! OOH! STOP IT!

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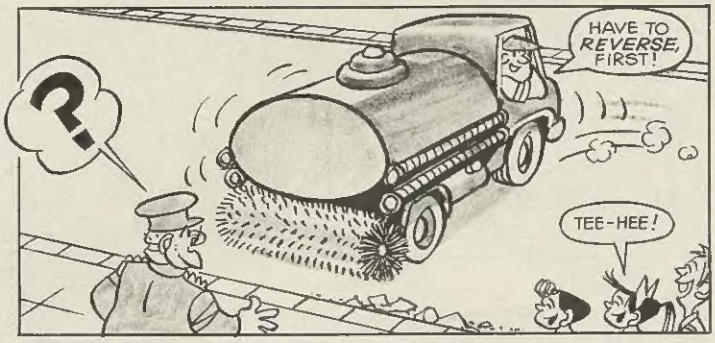
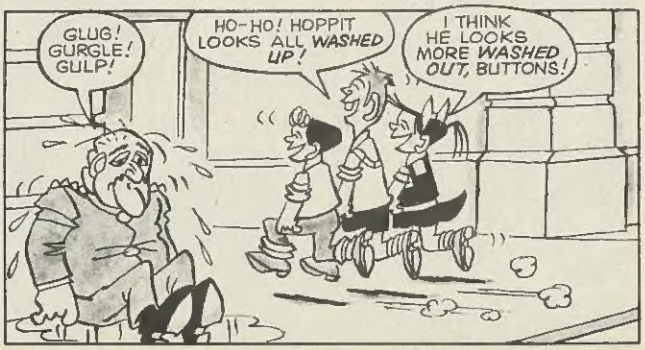
See our 'swinging' jungle dog on page 19!

TV Terrors





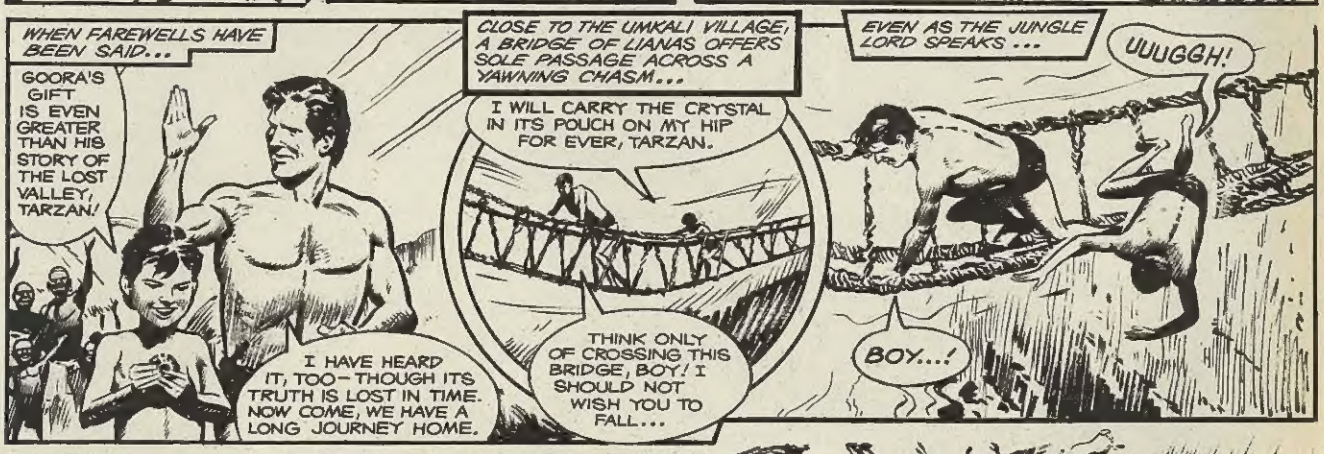
A shoe-shine slip-up for the Terrors soon!

TARZAN

AS Lord of the Jungle, Tarzan visits and befriends even the most remote of tribes — such as the Umkalis, whose village nestles among the slopes of a vast mountain range which few men had approached. There, Boy joins the others of his age, to enjoy the spell-binding stories of an elder, named Goora . . .

THE CRYSTAL COMES FROM A LOST VALLEY THAT LEGEND SAYS LIES DEEP WITHIN THESE MOUNTAINS. HERE, BOY! TAKE THE CRYSTAL AS A GIFT!

THAT MOMENT, TARZAN AND CHIEF MANDU APPROACH...
THE CRYSTAL HAS BEEN PASSED DOWN FOR GENERATIONS. CARE FOR IT WELL, YOUNG ONE!
OKO! SEE, MANDU? OLD GOORA IS TOO GENEROUS!


WHEN FAREWELLS HAVE BEEN SAID...
GOORA'S GIFT IS EVEN GREATER THAN HIS STORY OF THE LOST VALLEY, TARZAN!
I HAVE HEARD IT, TOO — THOUGH ITS TRUTH IS LOST IN TIME. NOW COME, WE HAVE A LONG JOURNEY HOME.
CLOSE TO THE UMKALI VILLAGE, A BRIDGE OF LIANAS OFFERS SOLE PASSAGE ACROSS A YAWNING CHASM...
I WILL CARRY THE CRYSTAL IN ITS POUCH ON MY HIP FOR EVER, TARZAN.
THINK ONLY OF CROSSING THIS BRIDGE, BOY! I SHOULD NOT WISH YOU TO FALL...
EVEN AS THE JUNGLE LORD SPEAKS ...
UUUGGH!
BOY...!

AAAGH!
BOY WILL STRIKE WATER! THERE IS A CHANCE HE MAY STILL LIVE...
...AND WHILE THERE IS THAT CHANCE, I MUST TRY TO HELP HIM — OR WE BOTH DIE TOGETHER!

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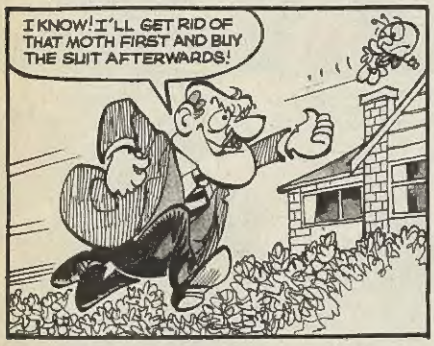
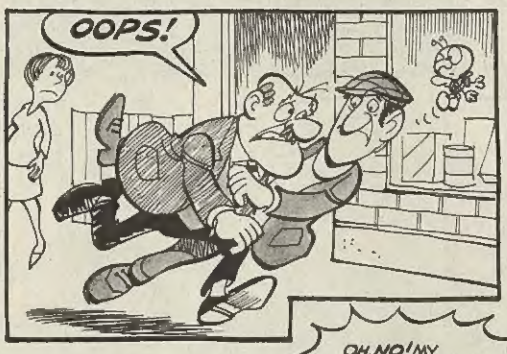
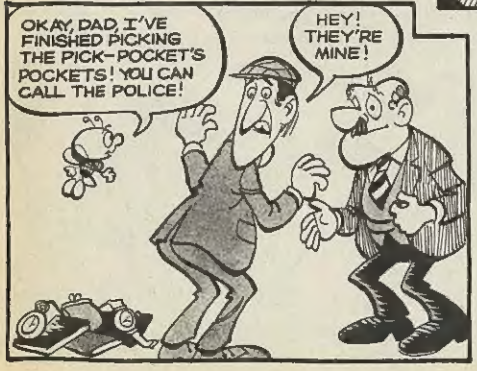
Next week: gateway to the lost valley!

MIGHTY MOTH







THANKS, MIGHTY. WILL YOU JOIN ME FOR A MEAL AT THE SPLENDIDE RESTAURANT? THE TABLECLOTHS THERE ARE DELICIOUS!
COO! THANKS, DAD!

Superdad is 'had' soon!

BARNEY BEAR
WE'RE LOST! I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT A MAP.
I'LL ASK THIS CHAP.
EXCUSE ME, COULD YOU TELL US HOW WE CAN GET TO CORNCOP VILLAGE ?
DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW!
AND...
CORNCOP VILLAGE ? IT'S SOMEWHERE AROUND THESE PARTS, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE.
THIS IS HOPELESS! NOBODY KNOWS HOW TO GET THERE!
I TOLD YOU WE NEEDED A MAP!
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE ? A MAN WITH A MAP!
EXCUSE ME—COULD YOU DIRECT US TO CORNCOP VILLAGE?
CERTAINLY. COME INTO MY H.Q.
I'M GENERAL JANKERS, COMMANDER OF GREEN ARMY IN THIS MILITARY EXERCISE! CORNCOP VILLAGE IS OUR TARGET.
WE ARE HERE. BY FOLLOWING THE VALLEY TO THE WOODS AND BEARING THIRTY DEGREES EAST...
SOON...
HAVE YOU GOT THAT?
YES, THANK YOU!
GOOD. THEN YOU TWO CHAPS CAN LEAD THE WAY IN OUR ATTACK!
EH ?
THEY'RE ONLY BLANK SHELLS, MOOSE, AND AT LEAST HE DID TELL US THE WAY!

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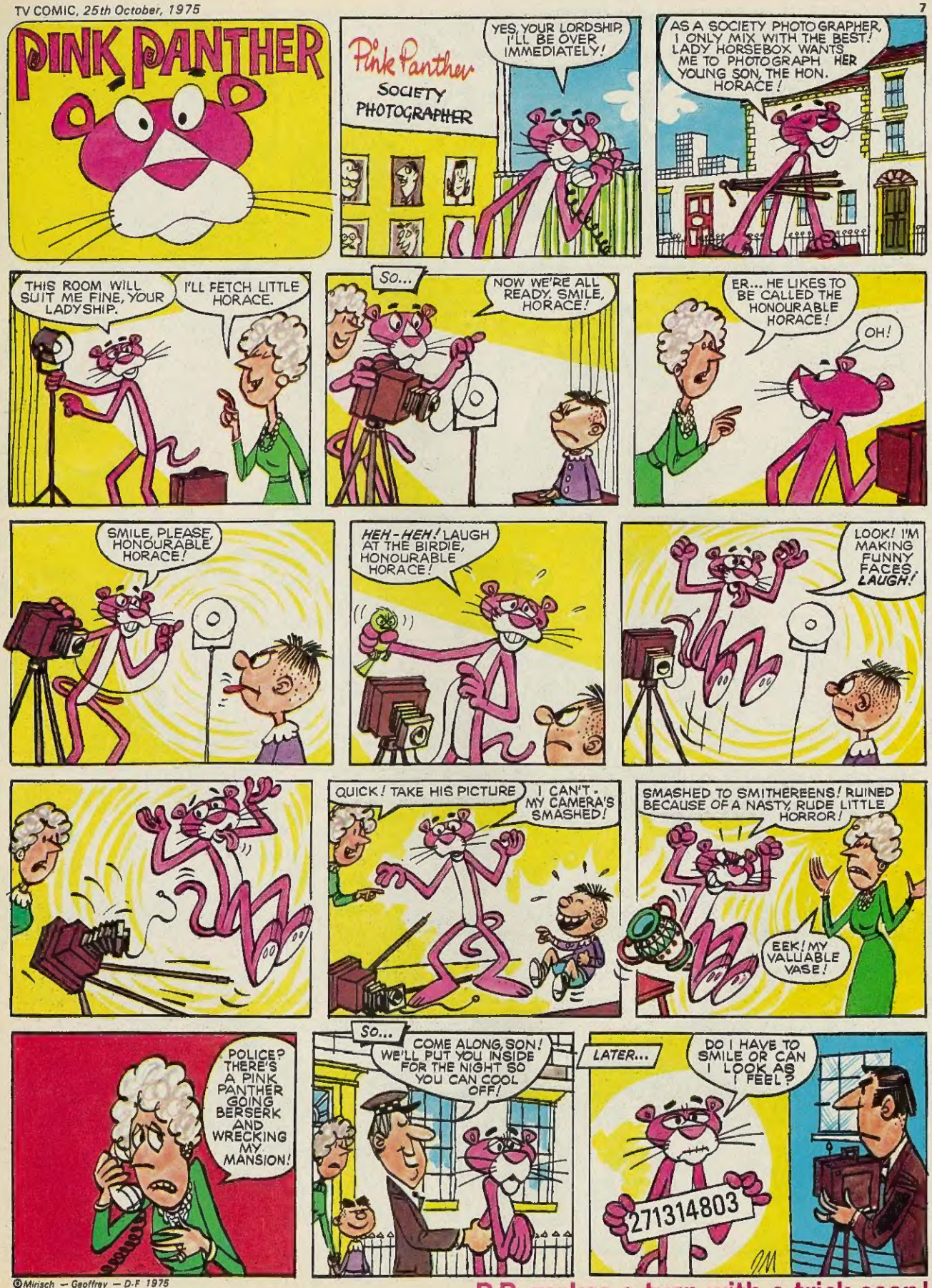
Barney 'gets the bird' next week!


PINK PANTHER
Pink Panther SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER
YES, YOUR LORDSHIP, I'LL BE OVER IMMEDIATELY!
AS A SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER, I ONLY MIX WITH THE BEST! LADY HORSEBOX WANTS ME TO PHOTOGRAPH HER YOUNG SON, THE HON. HORACE!
THIS ROOM WILL SUIT ME FINE, YOUR LADYSHIP.
I'LL FETCH LITTLE HORACE.
SO...
NOW WE'RE ALL READY. SMILE, HORACE!
ER... HE LIKES TO BE CALLED THE HONOURABLE HORACE!
OH!
SMILE, PLEASE, HONOURABLE HORACE!
HEH-HEH! LAUGH AT THE BIRDIE, HONOURABLE HORACE!
LOOK! I'M MAKING FUNNY FACES. LAUGH!
QUICK! TAKE HIS PICTURE
I CAN'T - MY CAMERA'S SMASHED!
SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS! RUINED BECAUSE OF A NASTY, RUDE LITTLE HORROR!
EEK! MY VALUABLE VASE!
POLICE? THERE'S A PINK PANTHER GOING BERSERK AND WRECKING MY MANSION!
SO...
COME ALONG, SON! WE'LL PUT YOU INSIDE FOR THE NIGHT SO YOU CAN COOL OFF!
LATER...
DO I HAVE TO SMILE OR CAN I LOOK AS I FEEL?
271314803

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P.P. makes a turn with a trick soon!

DROOPY
OH, BOY! I'M REALLY ENJOYING MY NEW JOB...
HI, PAL!
HUH...? OOPS!
SPLOP!
MMMPH!
SORRY, BUTCH! YOU DISTURBED MY CONCENTRATION. THE PIECES OF THESE LARGE POSTERS TAKE SOME WORKING OUT!
IS THAT SO?
IT'S LIKE A JIG-SAW PUZZLE. EACH PIECE IS NUMBERED LIKE THIS, SEE.
SAY, THAT'S REAL CLEVER, DROOPY.
AND DURING DROOPY'S LUNCH-BREAK...
ZZZZzzz...
I'M GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN WITH THAT DUMB DOG! HEH-HEH!
BY THE TIME I'VE FINISHED, HE'LL NEVER FIGURE OUT WHAT WENT WRONG!
AND...
MUST GET BACK TO THE JOB, BUTCH!
THIS IS GOING TO BE GREAT.
ONLY MINUTES LATER...
GOSH! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! AND, GOLLY, HERE COMES THE BOSS!
DROOPY'S PROBLEMS CONTINUE...
FIRED!?
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU USELESS IDIOT!
INCREDIBLE, MAN! REAL WAY-OUT!
...WHICH LEADS TO A 'WAY IN!'
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME, DROOPY?
YOU'LL SEE, BUTCH!
EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART
THEY BOUGHT MY POSTER FOR £200, AND THEY WANT ME TO DO MORE!
OH, NO! AS A FAILURE, I NUMBER THE GREATEST.

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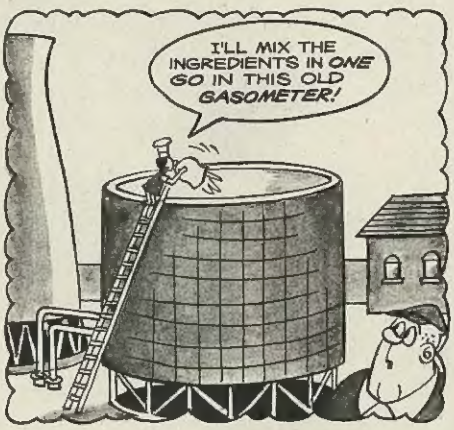
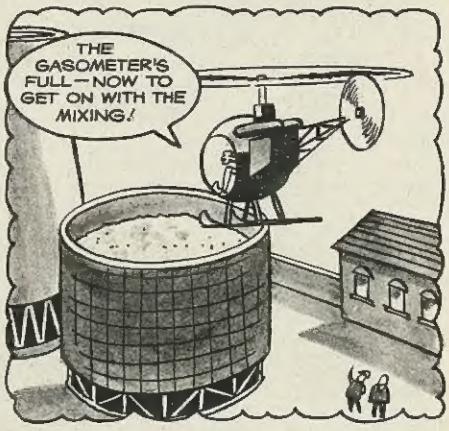
Trouble 'in store' when Droopy shops soon!

Nelly AND HER Telly

WELCOME TO 'LOOK AND COOK', VIEWERS...
COO! I'LL TRY SOME COOKING WHILE MUM'S OUT! I BET I'M AS GOOD AS HARRY HADDOCK, TV'S TOP COOK!
FLOUR





More TV trouble with Nelly soon!

Captain PUGWASH

LAND AHOY, CAP'N!

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS AT SEA, ALL WAS QUIET ABOARD 'THE BLACK PIG'—IN FACT, **TOO** QUIET! CAPTAIN PUGWASH WAS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR SIGNS OF TROUBLE FROM CUT-THROAT JAKE. AND FROM THE CROW'S NEST, BARNABAS WAS SCANNING THE HIGH SEAS, WHEN...

IT'S SOME KIND OF EASTERN PALACE—AT LEAST THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE 'FLYING DUSTMAN'...

...WHICH MEANS THAT HUMAN SHARK, CUT-THROAT JAKE, CAN'T HAVE SPOTTED US YET.

NO, CAP'N! BUT SOMEONE HAS—*SEE?*

GREETINGS, O WORTHY CAPTAIN. I COME FROM THE SULTAN EL JAKIR!

HE INVITES YOU AND YOUR CREW TO SHARE HIS HOSPITALITY AFTER YOUR LONG JOURNEY.

WE'LL ACCEPT. MAYBE HE HAS NEWS OF CUT-THROAT JAKE'S WHEREABOUTS.

THEY SOON NEARED THE ISLAND PALACE...

EL JAKIR AWAITS YOUR PLEASURE, O WORTHY ONES!

THE PLEASURE'S OURS, I'M SURE!

I WONDER HOW HE'S HEARD WE'RE COMING?

THEN...

CAP'N, EL JAKIR LOOKS LIKE...

...CUT-THROAT JAKE! *HAR-HARR!* WELCOME TO MY PALACE, PUGWASH...

...OR *YOUR PRISON!* I PIRATED THIS PALACE TO BAIT A TRAP FOR YOU! *HAR! HAR! AHARR!*

AND W-WE FELL FOR IT, H-HOOK, LINE AND S-SINKER! *GULP!*

WHILE ATTENTION WAS FOCUSED ON PUGWASH...

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND AN ESCAPE ROUTE, BARNABAS.

NO ONE WILL RECOGNISE ME IN THIS DISGUISE, TOM!

WHEN BARNABAS RETURNED...

QUICK, TOM, LAD! I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED THE VERY THING!

I HOPE SO. CUT-THROAT JAKE'S LAUGHED SO MUCH HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP. THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME.

N.M.

AND SO...

THIS IS THE CARPET STORE. I WONDER IF THEY REALLY ARE *MAGIC* ONES?

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE RISK! COME ON...

AS THEY TOOK OFF...

CAPERIN' CODFISH! THEY ESCAPED! GAH!

THIS 'FLYING CARPET' HAS HELPED US *FLY* FROM CUT-THROAT JAKE!

Set sail again with Pugwash next week!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page, and £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

My name is Emma Hampden Smith. I am writing to tell you about my pet rabbit who is called Muff. She is blind in one eye and she is very greedy. If you give her some dandelions, she will have finished them in a couple of minutes. She also likes thistles, much to my surprise. One day she got out of her cage and we saw her walking up the path. I also have a pony called Black Beauty. She is lame at the moment. The picture is of me with Muff. My favourite stories are Basil Brush and Tom & Jerry.

Battle, Sussex.

Oh, dear, Emma. Your pets do seem to be in the wars. You say Muff gets through the dandelions in minutes? I bet she's more careful when she eats the thistles!

Dear Editor

I read TV Comic every week but, normally, I never write to Readers' Page as I don't feel I have a chance to win. I am sending this letter to try to win a pound to spend on fishing tackle as it is my favourite hobby. I have five brothers and one sister, called Elaine. I have sent away for competitions but never won anything, but this time I have more hope. I have a goldfish called Fred and a budgie called Bluey, and it talks. Well, goodbye for now

Grimsby, South Humberside.

I have a problem. Who is the anonymous letter-writer of Grimsby? The one who doesn't think he'll win but has! (If it's a young lady, I apologise). The fishing tackle leads me to believe it's a lad, so watch the post, mystery-man! I've addressed your postal order to the **MYSTERY TV COMIC READER.** *Hope it doesn't cause complications with you and your brothers and sister*

STAR LETTER

My name is Carolyn Davidson and my hobbies are ice-skating, swimming, roller-skating and reading. My favourite features in TV Comic are Tom & Jerry, TV Terrors, Barney Bear, Pink Panther, Roobarb and Popeye. I am writing to tell you about a little bird that my Gran and I found. One day, while I was out with my Gran in the back garden, we both heard a squeaking sound. So my Gran and I went to investigate. When we came to the place where the bird was, I gently picked it up. It was just a baby bird so it must have fallen out of its nest. I showed it to the rest of the family and my brother said that it was a sparrow. Everyone said that it was a bit chubby, so I called it Chubby. I got a box and put grass and things in it to make it comfortable. I think it had hurt its wing. In about a week, it got better and flew away.

Lytham, Lancs.

I'm glad about the happy ending to your story, Carolyn. 'Chubby' was rather a lucky sparrow, I'd say.

Dear Editor

My name is Shaun Best and I am nine years old. My hobbies are fishing, swimming and putting. I have a brother called James and two cats called Tom and Jerry. I hope to win £1 to go into my savings for my holiday. My favourite characters are Tom & Jerry, Pink Panther and Basil Brush.

Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Your wish has come true, Shaun. Stand by to expect a £1 postal order

My name is Neal Whatson and I am nine years old. My hobby is tennis. I am writing to tell you that my Dad gives me his old cigar tubes and I collect halfpennies in them, to go to the charity for handicapped children. The photo is of my sister and me. I blinked when it was taken

Bexley, Kent.

What a good idea, Neal. Who knows, perhaps you've given inspiration to other boys and girls.

Dear Editor

My name is Peter Smith and I am eight years old. I have two brothers and a pet gerbil called Hercules. I live very near Heathrow Airport. We often go and watch the aeroplanes and I have seen the Concorde three times. My favourite stories are Tom & Jerry and Droopy.

Southall, Middlesex.

I hope all those aeroplanes don't keep you awake at night, Peter. Am I mistaken, or do I get the impression you enjoy those flying giants as next-door neighbours?

Dear Editor

My name is Suzanne Brushie and I am nine years old. I have sent you this photo of me and my rabbit. I have a lead and I take him for walks round the garden, but he doesn't like carrots as much as Bugs Bunny, he likes groundsel best. My hobbies are music — I have a grade three on the piano — stamp collecting and swimming. I think Pink Panther, Nelly & Her Telly and Tom & Jerry are best.

Harrogate, Yorks.

Bugs Bunny is very disturbed by this information, Suzanne. As far as he's concerned, carrots are very good for the eyesight. (His Granny told him so!). This, you see, enables him to spot fields of carrots at even greater distances than he could before. He would like you to pass this knowledge on to your rabbit. Next time you're giving him his groundsel, that is!

ANSWERS TO PRIZE CROSSWORD No.30

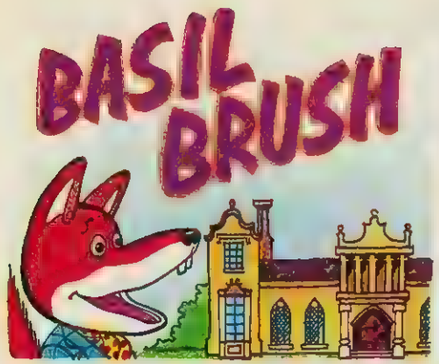
. . . which was printed in Issue No. 1242 (dated 4th October, 1975)

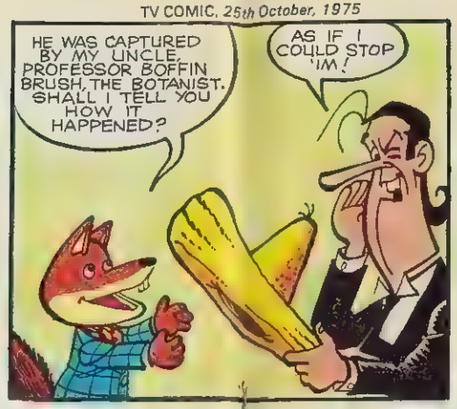
ACROSS: 2 Steam, 6 Chop, 7 Ears, 8 Ovens, 9 Cost, 11 Stew, 16 First Report, 17 Stye, 21 Spur, 23 Agate, 24 Imps, 25 Need, 26 Yeast. DOWN: 1 Ohio, 2 Spot, 3 Eden, 4 Mess, 5 Free, 9 Cuffs, 10 Sorry, 12 Troop, 13 Water, 14 Ate, 15 Pet, 18 Tame, 19 Easy, 20 Gala, 21 Sent, 22 Used.

Here are the six lucky winners of Prize Crossword No. 24 . . .

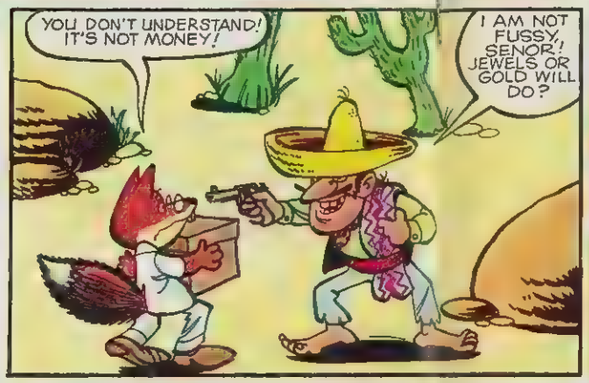
Mandy Malawer, London.
James Dunn, Cramlington, Northumberland.
Samantha Maxwell, Halton Brook, Runcorn.
Wendy Holeyman, Romford, Essex.
Erika Lewis, Porthcawl, S. Wales.
Christopher Chase, Leeds, Yorkshire.

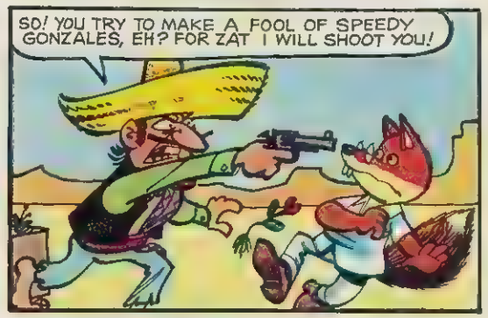
BASIL BRUSH

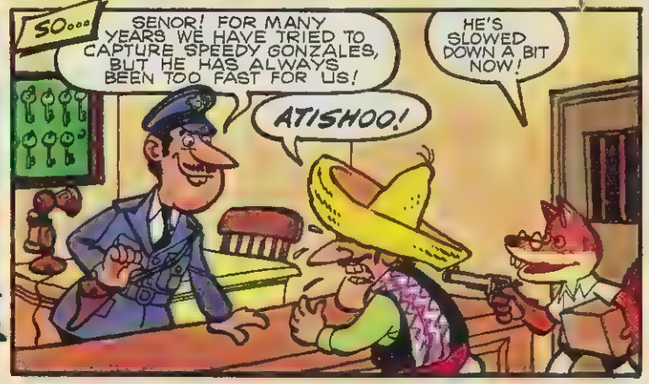


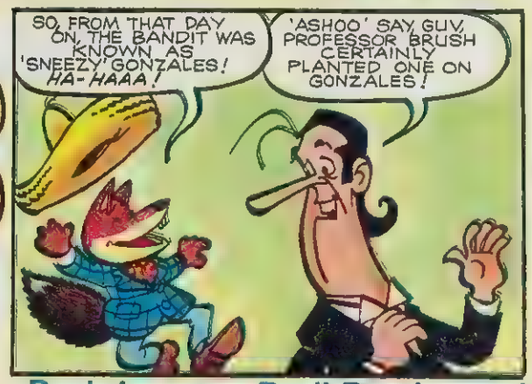


MY GOODNESS! I'VE DISCOVERED YET ANOTHER RARE SPECIES! THIS IS TREASURE, INDEED!
TREASURE? DID I HEAR SOMEONE MENTION TREASURE?






SO...
SENOR! FOR MANY YEARS WE HAVE TRIED TO CAPTURE SPEEDY GONZALES, BUT HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN TOO FAST FOR US!
ATISHOO!
HE'S SLOWED DOWN A BIT NOW!

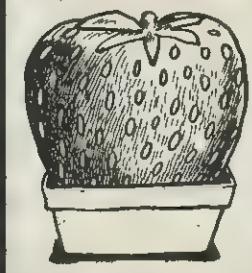

SO, FROM THAT DAY ON, THE BANDIT WAS KNOWN AS 'SNEEZY' GONZALES! HA-HAAA!
'ASHOO' SAY, GUV, PROFESSOR BRUSH CERTAINLY PLANTED ONE ON GONZALES!

Rush for more Basil Brush soon!

it's a record

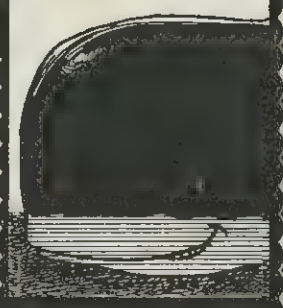
From the Guinness Book of Records compiled by Norris and Ross McWhirter

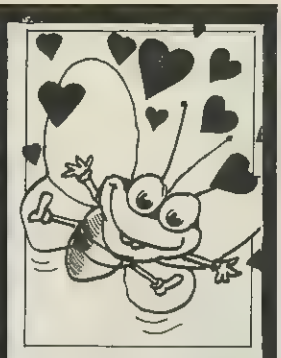
THE GREATEST NUMBER OF LEGS REPORTED FOR A MILLIPEDE IS 710.



A STRAWBERRY GROWN AT WALTON, ESSEX, WEIGHED 7¼ OZ.

THE BLUE WHALE CALF STARTS LIFE AS AN OVUM WEIGHING .000035 OZ AND GROWS TO A WEIGHT OF 25 TONS, AN INCREASE OF 30,000 MILLION FOLD.





A MALE TRUE SILKWORM MOTH CAN DETECT THE SCENT OF A FEMALE AT A DISTANCE OF 7 MILES.

ADJUTANT, A LABRADOR OWNED BY A LINCOLNSHIRE GAMEKEEPER, LIVED TO THE AGE OF 27 YEARS 3 MONTHS.

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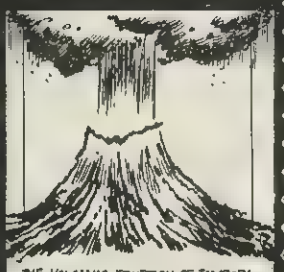
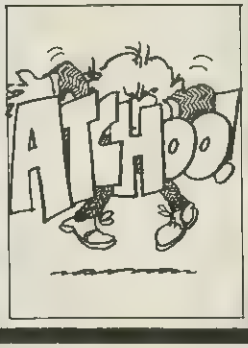


THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF TAMBORA IN 1814 LEFT A CRATER 7 MILES IN DIAMETER.

PARTICLES EXPELLED BY A SNEEZE HAVE BEEN MEASURED AS TRAVELLING AT A SPEED OF 103·6 MPH



BIRDS HAVE BEEN PICKED UP BY RADAR FLYING OVER NORFOLK, ENGLAND, AT A HEIGHT OF 21,000 FT.

6 £1·50 book tokens to be won!

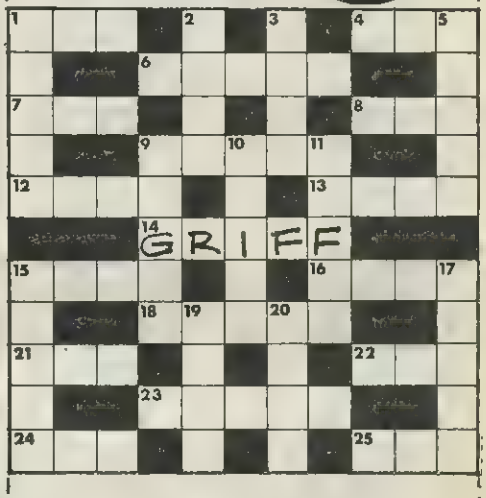
The TV detective series 'Griff' is this week's answer to help you get started. Now study the clues to work out the complete solution!

Senders of the first six all-correct entries to be pulled from the postbag after Monday, 27th October, 1975, will receive a book token in the post.

Just cut out your entry — together with the completed coupon — and stick it to a postcard. Then send it to: Prize Crossword Competition No 33, TV Comic, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 382-386 Edgware Rd., London W2 1EP. Be sure to use a postcard or your entry will be considered invalid.

The answers to Prize Crossword No 33 will appear in TV Comic No 1248 (dated 15th November, 1975) and the six prizewinners' names will be printed in Issue No 1254 (dated 27th December, 1975).

PRIZE CROSSWORD No. 33



ACROSS

1 Large deep-sea fish.
4 Not the weather condition in which to see well.
6 A cold meal of fresh, uncooked vegetables.
7 The home of a wild animal, such as a lion.
8 It propels a small boat.
9 According to the pantomime, they were lost in a wood.
12 Fierce warrior race of Southern Africa.
13 An army can't fight without them.
14 The Lorne Green detective series.
15 Another name for the postal service.
16 Not hard.
18 If it's not 'odds', it must be this.
21 A fountain pen won't write without one.
22 By way of.
23 He's not an honest man.
24 Hairy Tibetan beast of burden.
25 Used for catching a lobster.

DOWN

1 Southern Spanish port sacked by Francis Drake.
2 Fiery matter that flows from a volcano.
3 The home of our prehistoric ancestors.
5 They spread illness and disease.
9 A valveless trumpet.
10 Every groom needs her.
11 Places for keeping valuable property.
15 You can't buy anything without it.
17 It makes the dough rise for a baker.
19 A doing word.
20 Mid-day.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

..... **Age**.....

Prize Crossword No 33. Closing date: 27th October, 1975.

Another Prize Crossword next week!

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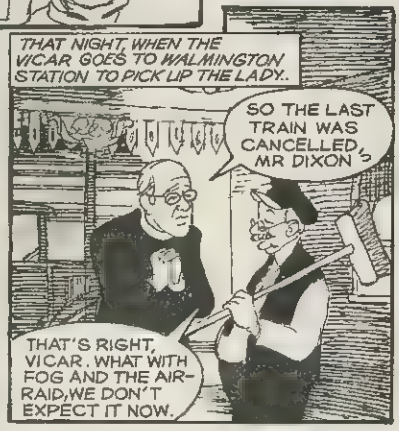
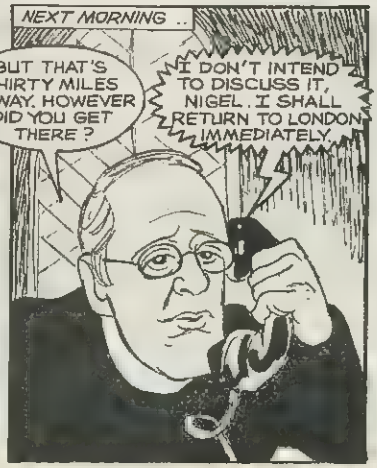
JUST BEFORE ONE WEEKEND PARADE, OUTSIDE THE CHURCH...
NOW THOSE TREES HAVE SHED THEIR LEAVES, WE'RE WIDE OPEN TO ENEMY RECONNAISSANCE PLANES, WILSON.
BUT, SURELY, THEY'LL JUST THINK IT'S A CHURCH, SIR!

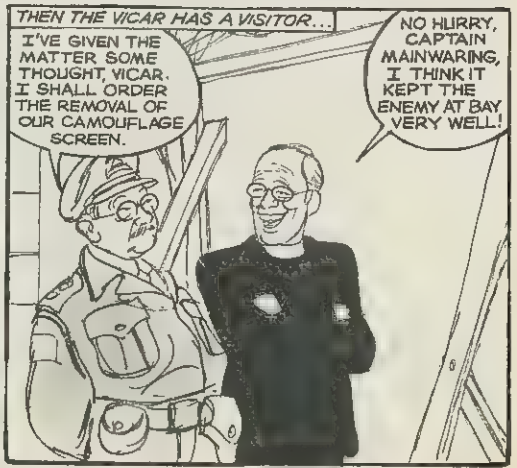
LET ME WARN YOU, MR MAINWARING! THE VICAR'S ALREADY IN A BAD MOOD ON ACCOUNT OF HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW PAYING A VISIT!
I REALLY COULDN'T CARE LESS IF IT WAS ADOLPH HITLER PAYING THE VISIT, VERGER.


THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE VICAR GOES TO WALMINGTON STATION TO PICK UP THE LADY.
SO THE LAST TRAIN WAS CANCELLED, MR DIXON.
THAT'S RIGHT, VICAR. WHAT WITH FOG AND THE AIR-RAID, WE DON'T EXPECT IT NOW.

BUT JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT...
I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME. NO STATION STAFF— AND WHERE'S MY USELESS SON-IN-LAW. I'LL WALK!
WOULD YOU LIKE A LIFT, MA'AM?

THE FOG THICKENS..
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU KNEW WHERE THE CHURCH WAS, MY MAN?
WELL, I DO, MA'AM. BUT THIS FOG PLAYS FUNNY TRICKS ON YOUR EYES!


NEXT MORNING..
BUT THAT'S THIRTY MILES AWAY. HOWEVER DID YOU GET THERE?
I DON'T INTEND TO DISCUSS IT, NIGEL. I SHALL RETURN TO LONDON IMMEDIATELY.


THEN THE VICAR HAS A VISITOR...
I'VE GIVEN THE MATTER SOME THOUGHT, VICAR. I SHALL ORDER THE REMOVAL OF OUR CAMOUFLAGE SCREEN.
NO HURRY, CAPTAIN MAINWARING, I THINK IT KEPT THE ENEMY AT BAY VERY WELL!

A puddle causes a muddle soon!

POPEYE
PUFF! BLOW!
BLAST!
I LOST AGAIN, UNCA!
'FRAID SO, SWEE'PEA.
YOU'RE THE BLOW-FOOTBALL CHAMP, UNCA POPEYE. THERE AIN'T NOBODY WHO COULD BEAT YOU!
YOU FORGOT ME, SONNY!
READY, BRUTUS?
YEP!
GOAL!
GASP!
AS I WAS SAYIN', UNCA. THERE AIN'T NOBODY WHO COULD BEAT YA!
I KNOW SOMEONE WHO COULD.
CAPTAIN CLIPPER, THE AIRLINE PILOT, COULD BEAT YOU! I'LL ARRANGE IT RIGHT AWAY!
SO...
THIS IS A MIGHTY BIG CHALLENGE, SWEE'PEA!
I KNOW YA CAN DO IT, UNCA!
WITH PLENTY O' SPINACH I MIGHT MAKE IT, SWEE'PEA!
KEEP IT UP, UNCA! YOU'RE NEARLY THERE!
OPEN UP THE THROTTLE!
IT'S ON FULL POWER!

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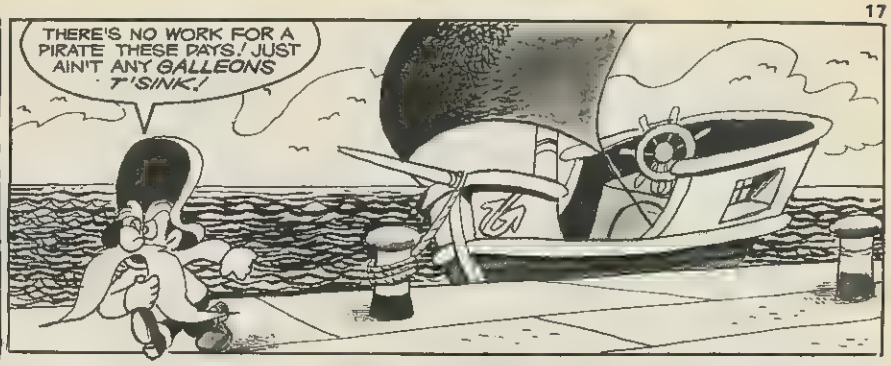
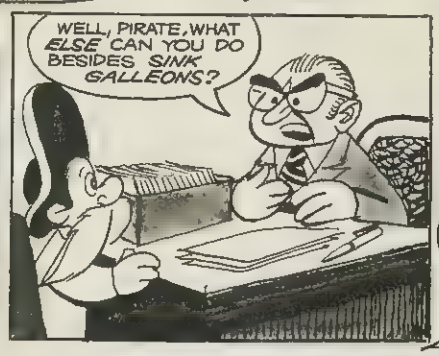
Brutus gets a look at a spook soon!

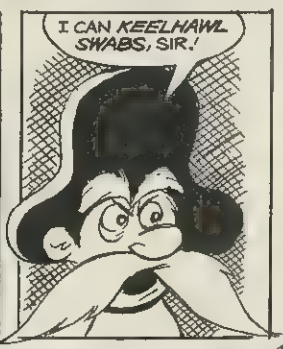
The BUGS BUNNY Show

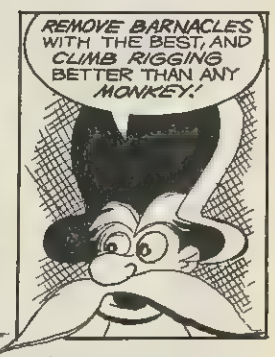
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

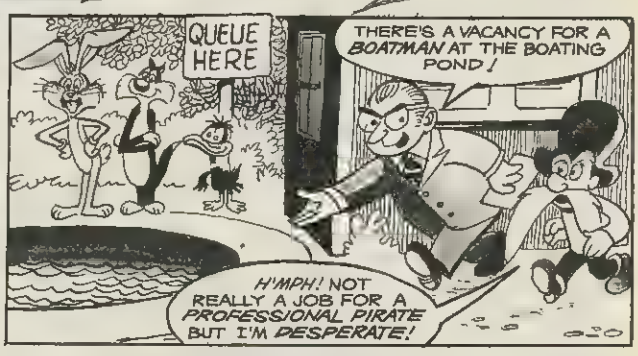
'BOAT BARRAGE!'

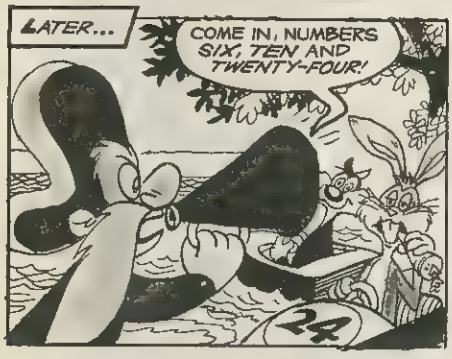


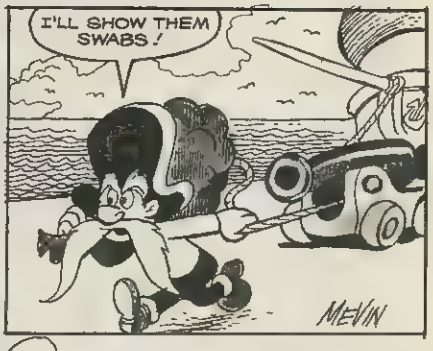


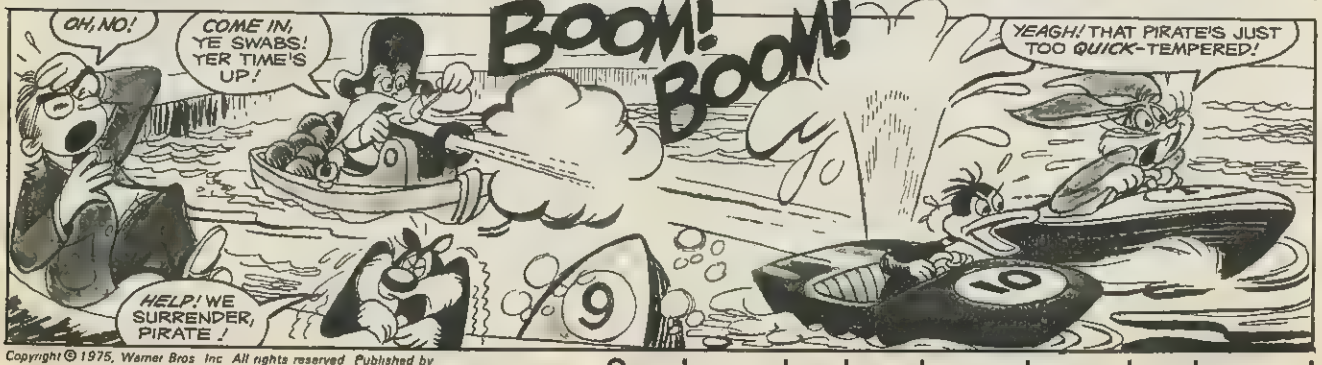





QUEUE HERE
THERE'S A VACANCY FOR A BOATMAN AT THE BOATING POND!
H'MPH! NOT REALLY A JOB FOR A PROFESSIONAL PIRATE BUT I'M DESPERATE!







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Sam's sunk when he makes a bunk soon!

5 Great Annuals for 1976

TV COMIC ANNUAL £1·00
This all-colour Annual is packed with TV favourites, including Tom and Jerry, Roobarb, Pink Panther and Doctor Who. There are fascinating facts, fun with puzzles and a giant crossword for all round entertainment, too!

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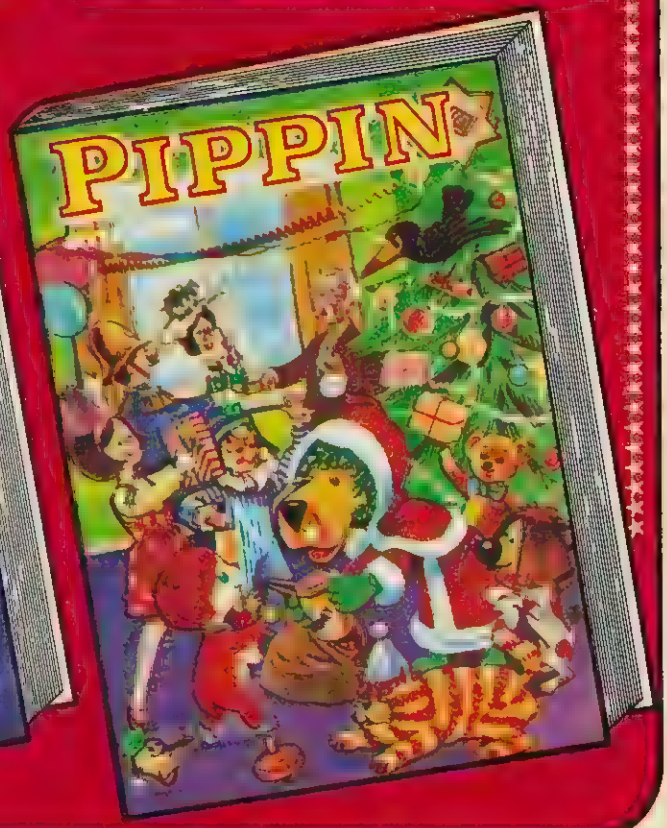
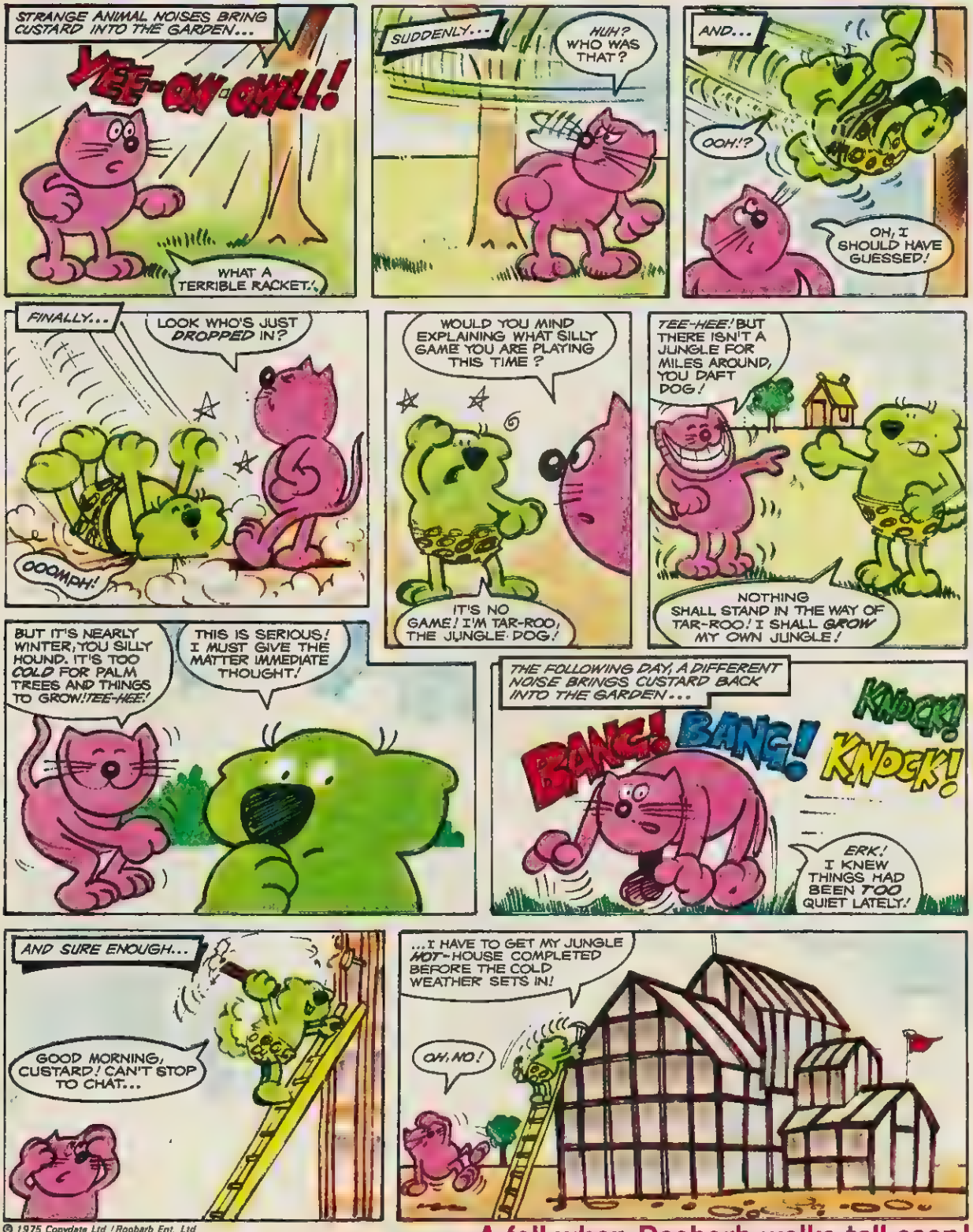
All pages in full colour and featuring such children's television favourites as Andy Pandy, Bagpuss, Barnaby, Mary, Mungo and Midge, The Herbs – and others! With puzzles to do, too!



Roobarb

THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG - and CUSTARD the CAT


STRANGE ANIMAL NOISES BRING CUSTARD INTO THE GARDEN...
YEE-OW-OWL!
WHAT A TERRIBLE RACKET!
SUDDENLY...
HUH? WHO WAS THAT?
AND...
OOH!?
OH, I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED!
FINALLY...
LOOK WHO'S JUST DROPPED IN?
OOOMPH!
WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING WHAT SILLY GAME YOU ARE PLAYING THIS TIME?
IT'S NO GAME! I'M TAR-ROO, THE JUNGLE DOG!
TEE-HEE! BUT THERE ISN'T A JUNGLE FOR MILES AROUND, YOU DAFT DOG!
NOTHING SHALL STAND IN THE WAY OF TAR-ROO! I SHALL GROW MY OWN JUNGLE!
BUT IT'S NEARLY WINTER, YOU SILLY HOUND. IT'S TOO COLD FOR PALM TREES AND THINGS TO GROW! TEE-HEE!
THIS IS SERIOUS! I MUST GIVE THE MATTER IMMEDIATE THOUGHT!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, A DIFFERENT NOISE BRINGS CUSTARD BACK INTO THE GARDEN...
BANG! BANG!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
ERK! I KNEW THINGS HAD BEEN TOO QUIET LATELY!
AND SURE ENOUGH...
GOOD MORNING, CUSTARD! CAN'T STOP TO CHAT...
...I HAVE TO GET MY JUNGLE HOT-HOUSE COMPLETED BEFORE THE COLD WEATHER SETS IN!
OH, NO!

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A fall when Roobarb walks tall soon!

Here are the lucky winners of our recent TOM & JERRY COLOURING COMPETITION

Fiona Knowles, Cheltenham
Dawn Worth, Harlow, Essex
Philip Jones, Wolverhampton
R chard Blows, Ware, Herts
Wendy Griff ths, Willenhall
Diane Bignall, Peterborough
Guy Usher, Boreham, Essex
Susan Brown, Taunton
Stephen Mitchell Halifax
Janet Franks, Halesowen
Billy Thompson, Plymouth
Paul Savill Cowes I O W
Joanne Tzan Lymm Cheshire
Gary Driver Ringstead
C D Bayley, Bisley Surrey
Nathalie Longmuir, Dundee
Michelle Allen, Sheffie d
Angharad Jones Halesowen
Jonathan Moore, Bassaleg
Ian Oakley, Loughborough
Elizabeth Cane Shirley
Frances Perks Sheffield
Keith O'Shea, Newport
Anthony West, Canterbury
N P Smee, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Sharon Chambers, Bognor Reg s
Adrian Adames, Grimsby
Suzanne Nebreda, Stalybridge
R chard McGeouch, Writtle
Carla Martin, Portland
Victoria Bammick, Knottingley
Luke Morris, Alton, Hants
Penelope White, Epsom Downs
Nichola Pitcher Reading
Adrian Lewis Milford Haven
Stuart Wilson, Seaburn
Tracy Preece New Tredegar
Heather Clayton, Consalt
Sean Martell Henlow Camp
Alison Harding, Franham
Christopher White, Bedford
M Le Riviere, Earls Barton
Sandra Giley Manchester
Michael Miller, York
Andrew Blacker, Bristol
Diane Gill Maldon, Essex
Mark Davies Plymouth
Carol Paulley, Honiton
Rachel Consterdine Woking
Heather Fryer, Longnor
Adrian Chapman Saltash
Susan Haslam Colchester
Janet Rumsby, Norwich
David Bates, Northampton
R Watts Bishops Stortford
Rowland Pettit, Peterborough
A Parnham, Bestwood Park
Sally Marsom, Sandy, Beds
Paul J Sinnott Brighton
Mark Frost Bromsgrove
Philip Jackman Nott ngham
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Julie Farmer Leicester
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Murray Strachan, Edinburgh
M Megowan, Hillsborough, N Ireland
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Wendy Carrick Gateshead
Claire Warden Erith Kent
H Rackham Westleton Suffolk
Paul Hughes Walsall
Wayne Preston Scunthorpe
Ewan Grant Bridge of Earn
C Mather Atherton Lancs
J Thompson Ballykiner N Ireland
J Clitherow Liverpool
Stephen Wallis Co Antrim
P Fraser Torry Aberdeen
Anthony Taylor Rochdale
Roger Hand Nr Canterbury
J Beacham Penn Wolver-hampton
Paul Shenton Stoke-on-Trent
Peter Preece Banbury Oxon
Terry Day Woolwich London
Mary Cavill Barton-on-Humber
Julie Thomas Swansea
Layne Hollis Wellesbourne
Amanda Smith Lincoln
Fiona Raitt Dundee
Sally Everatt Hul
Catherine Fitton Grimsby
Deborah Barnsley Doncaster
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Helen Darwin Huddersfield
J Osment Wimborne Dorset
R Sitton Impington Cambs
Tracey Hancock Leabrooks
C Thomas East Lyng Devon
J Hickey Cricklewood
David Sheasby Solih ll
John Cunningham W Imslow
G Brown, Market Harborough
John Cockayne Oldham
Dianna Cryer Holbrooks
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M Madden South Stanley
C Bianchi Nottingham
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Karl Taylor Canterbury
Roger Woodhead Runcorn
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Sarah Jane Young, Wivenhoe
Jane Conson Bournemouth
M Harrop Havant Hant
A King Benfleet Essex
Andrew Matthew Enfield
Clare Donoghue Fulham
David Crooks Spondon, Derby
J Stanley Hockley Essex
Scott Dyer Salisbury Wilts
Wendy Evans Norwich
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M Wyn Jones Gwynedd Wales
Layne Cresswell Nuneaton
Scott Mitchell, Fife
M Fletcher Birstall Leics
Philip Radford Rochester
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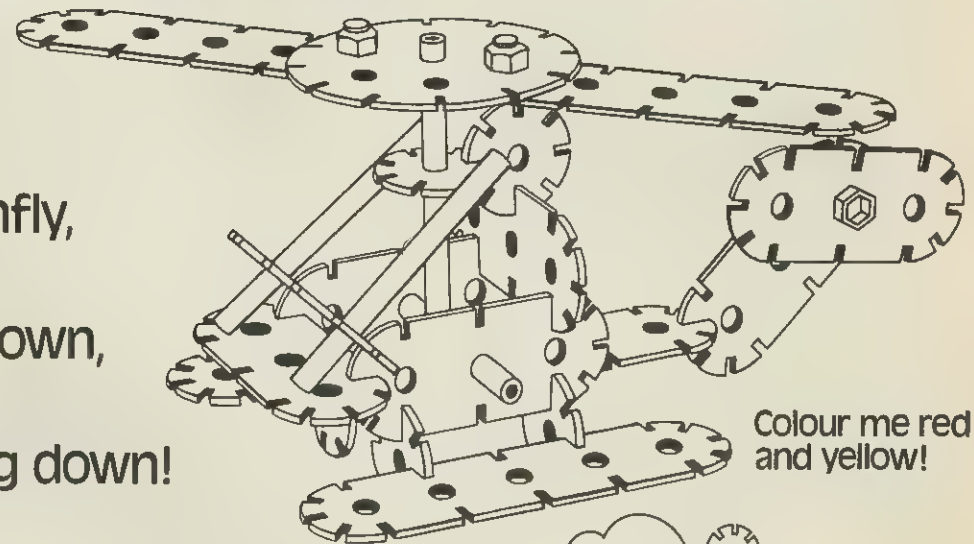
Alison Gemmell Bellfield
Stephen Rooth Camberley
Sarah White Ightham Kent
Michael Parsons Brislington
S Woodroofe Tunbridge Wells
Paul Hooper Stoke-on Trent
Trevor Habob Tiverton
S Phillips Alton Hants
Elaine Hilley Glasgow
Michael Blackmore Essex
Bruno Metzges Epsom
Gary Spilsbury Timperley
J Bond Ringwood Avon
Sharon Gentle Ipswich

Let's go flying!

Helicopter
Flying high,
Whirring
Like a dragonfly,
Far below
We see the town,
Easy now
We're coming down!



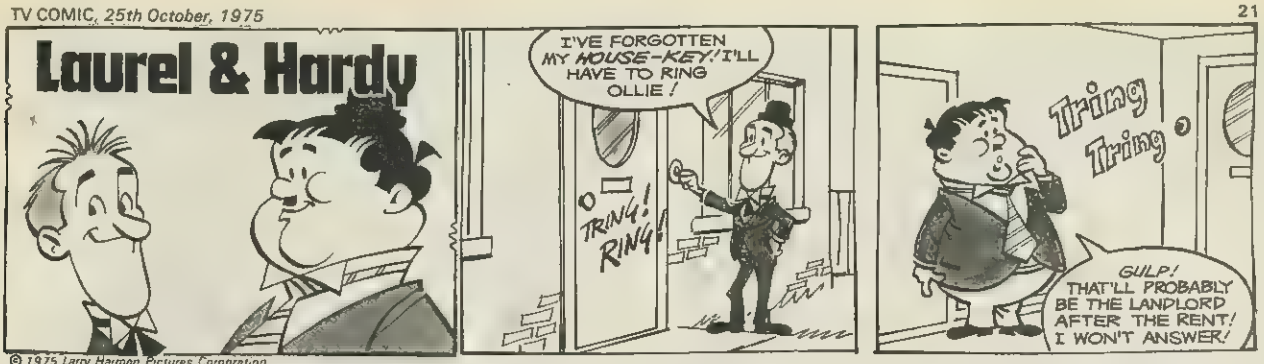
Colour me red and yellow!

Now you can make your own helicopter with Prima, the brand new toy from Meccano!
Available from your toyshop in two different sets.

The Airfix Group

PRIMA by MECCANO

Laurel & Hardy


I'VE FORGOTTEN MY HOUSE-KEY! I'LL HAVE TO RING OLLIE!
TRING! RING!
Tring Tring
GULP! THAT'LL PROBABLY BE THE LANDLORD AFTER THE RENT! I WON'T ANSWER!

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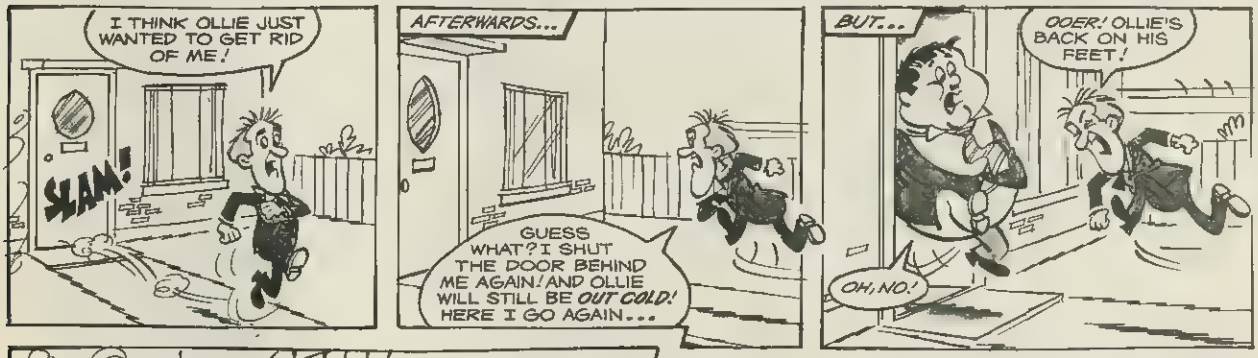
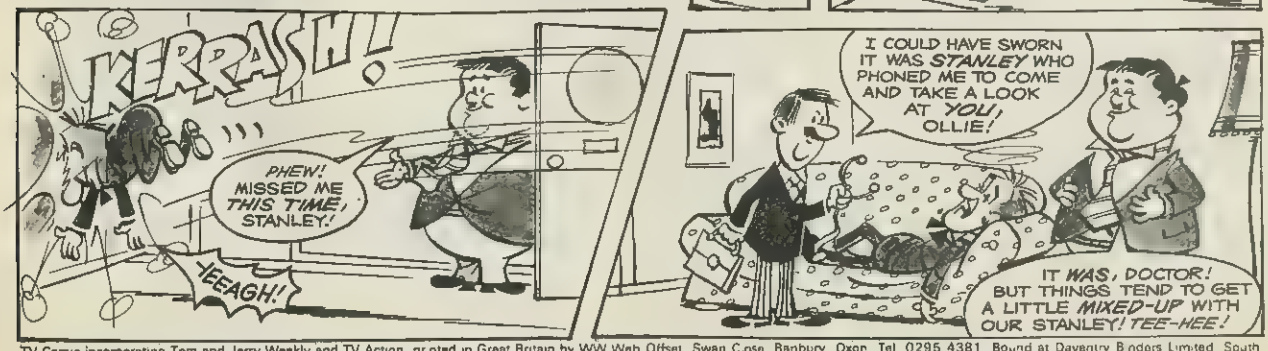
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
PHEW! I THINK HE'S GONE NOW! IT'LL BE SAFE TO GO OUT!
GRR! OLLIE MUST BE OUT! I'LL HAVE TO BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!
OOMPH!
THUMP!
YEOWCH!

KERRASH!
S-SORRY, OLLIE! IF YOU'D ANSWERED THE DOOR, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!
GAH! HE'LL HAVE A NASTY ACCIDENT, IF HE'S NOT CAREFUL!
OH, DEAR! I THINK OLLIE'S HURT! I'D BETTER PHONE FOR THE DOCTOR!
OOER! I CAN'T PHONE! OLLIE LANDED ON THE TELEPHONE AND HE'S SMASHED IT!
THEN YOU'D BETTER CALL THE DOCTOR FROM THE KIOSK ON THE CORNER!


I THINK OLLIE JUST WANTED TO GET RID OF ME!
SLAM!
AFTERWARDS...
GUESS WHAT? I SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND ME AGAIN! AND OLLIE WILL STILL BE OUT COLD! HERE I GO AGAIN...
BUT...
OOER! OLLIE'S BACK ON HIS FEET!
OH, NO!


KERRASH!
PHEW! MISSED ME THIS TIME, STANLEY!
YEEAGH!
I COULD HAVE SWORN IT WAS STANLEY WHO PHONED ME TO COME AND TAKE A LOOK AT YOU, OLLIE!
IT WAS, DOCTOR! BUT THINGS TEND TO GET A LITTLE MIXED-UP WITH OUR STANLEY! TEE-HEE!

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Dr WHO

in 'The Space Ghost!'

ON desolate Yorkshire moorland, stands Station 5 — latest of Britain's chain of tracking stations. As dusk descends upon this isolated spot, technicians continue their relentless search for the mysteries of the heavens . . .

TWO DEGREES WEST...

PROFESSOR LESLIE MULLEN SUPERVISES THE DIRECTIONAL SETTING...

RIGHT! LOCK ON!

I'M GETTING A LOT OF INTERFERENCE, LES!

WHAT D'YOU MAKE OF THAT?

...SOMETHING FROM A SATELLITE, PERHAPS. TRY AND TUNE IT OUT.

MEANWHILE, HELD UP BY A PUNCTURE, ONE OF HIS STAFF ARRIVES LATE...

I'LL BE FOR IT! LES MULLEN IS A SLAVE TO PUNCTUALITY. NEARLY THERE...!

I'D BETTER GO AND MAKE MY APOLOGIES...

BUT, SUDDENLY...

GOOD GRIEF...! WHAT'S THAT...?

SECONDS LATER...

PROFESSOR MULLEN! OUT TH-THERE! ON THE D-DISH!

SIMPSON!

AND...

I HOPE THIS ISN'T A JOKE...I... MY STARS! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, TWO FAMILIAR CHARACTERS HEAD NORTHWARDS...

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, DOCTOR?

THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOUR DEFINITION OF A GHOST IS, DEAR GIRL.

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WELL, HOW ELSE CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE SO-CALLED HAUNTINGS OF STATION FIVE?
FIRSTLY, BY THOROUGH SCIENTIFIC EXAMINATION, SARAH-JANE!

THAT AFTERNOON...
COULD IT HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF FREAK CLOUD ATTRACTED TO THE AERIAL, PROFESSOR MULLEN?
I WISH I COULD EXPLAIN IT AWAY SO EASILY, MISS SMITH, BUT THEN THERE WAS THE OTHER SIGNAL...

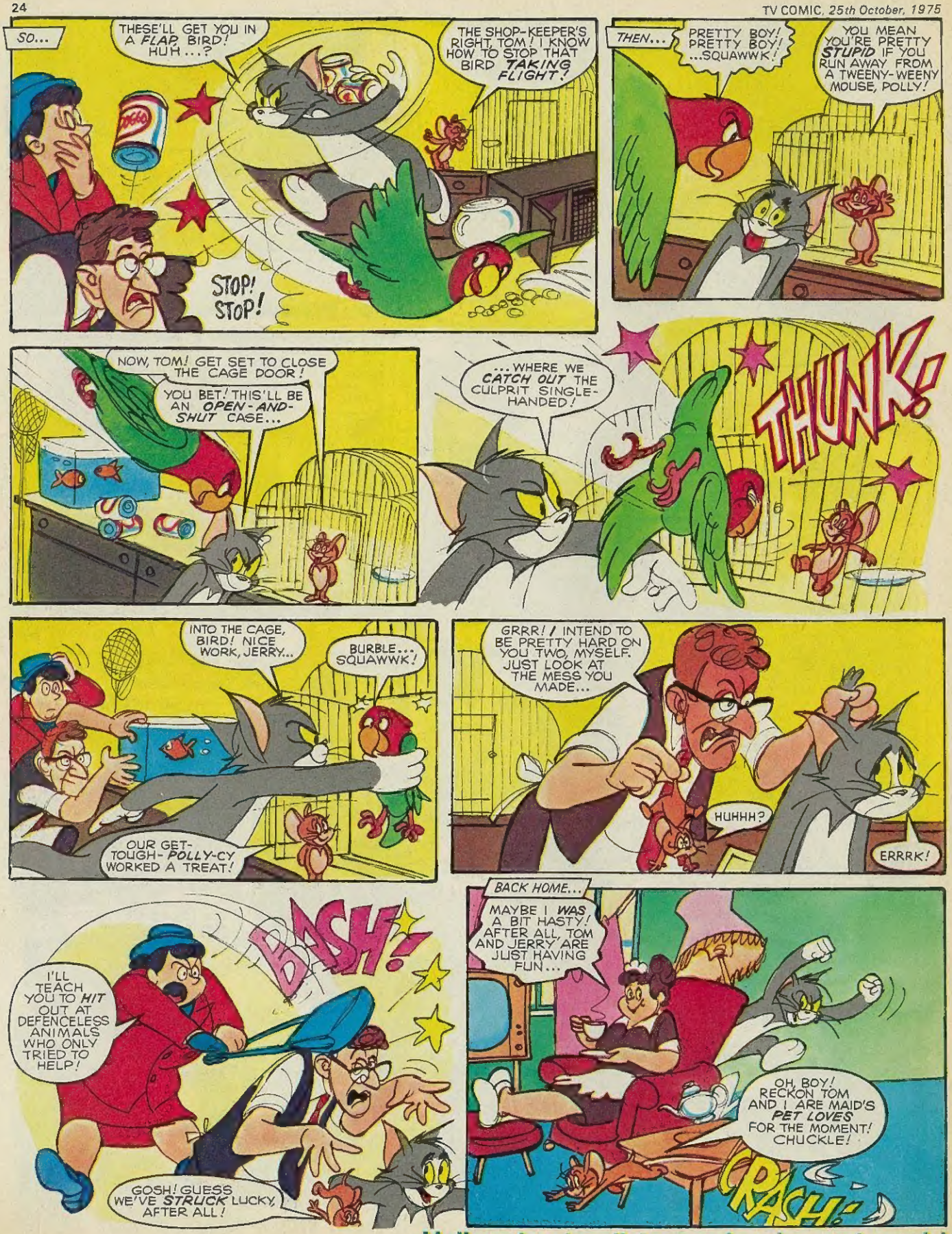
PROFESSOR MULLEN TELLS ALL...
MY ONLY EXPLANATION IS SO RIDICULOUS AS NOT TO BE WORTHY OF A MENTION.
I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD KEEP ANYTHING BACK, PROFESSOR. EVERYTHING MUST BE INVESTIGATED.

THE REVEREND WAGSTAFF FOUGHT HARD TO STOP THE STATION FROM BEING BUILT NEXT TO HIS PRECIOUS RUINS.
AND YOU THINK HE MAY HAVE COOKED UP SOMETHING TO FRIGHTEN YOU AWAY? BUT HE'D HAVE TO BE AN ELECTRONIC GENIUS, WOULDN'T HE?
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

THAT'S WAGSTAFF. HE HOLDS SERVICES IN THE ABBEY EVERY DAY—SOMETIMES AT NIGHT, TOO!
IT DOES SEEM A SHAME YOU HAD TO BUILD THE STATION NEXT TO THE ABBEY.
UNFORTUNATELY, SARAH-JANE, THIS SITE IS GEOGRAPHICALLY UNIQUE FOR A RADIO TELESCOPE.

AS THE ABBEY SERVICE BREAKS UP...
EXCUSE ME, REVEREND WAGSTAFF, COULD I HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU?
IF YOU'RE TO DO WITH THAT SATANIC MONSTROSITY OF MULLEN'S, THE ANSWER'S NO!

The spirit from space returns next week!


SO...
THESE'LL GET YOU IN A FLAP BIRD! HUH...?
THE SHOP-KEEPER'S RIGHT, TOM! I KNOW HOW TO STOP THAT BIRD TAKING FLIGHT!
STOP! STOP!
THEN...
PRETTY BOY! PRETTY BOY! ...SQUAWWK!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE PRETTY STUPID IF YOU RUN AWAY FROM A TWEENY-WEENY MOUSE, POLLY!
NOW, TOM! GET SET TO CLOSE THE CAGE DOOR!
YOU BET! THIS'LL BE AN OPEN-AND-SHUT CASE...
...WHERE WE CATCH OUT THE CULPRIT SINGLE-HANDED!
THUNK!
INTO THE CAGE, BIRD! NICE WORK, JERRY...
BURBLE... SQUAWWK!
OUR GET-TOUGH-POLLY-CY WORKED A TREAT!
GRRR! I INTEND TO BE PRETTY HARD ON YOU TWO, MYSELF. JUST LOOK AT THE MESS YOU MADE...
HUHHH?
ERRRK!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO HIT OUT AT DEFENCELESS ANIMALS WHO ONLY TRIED TO HELP!
BASH!
GOSH! GUESS WE'VE STRUCK LUCKY, AFTER ALL!
BACK HOME...
MAYBE I WAS A BIT HASTY! AFTER ALL, TOM AND JERRY ARE JUST HAVING FUN...
OH, BOY! RECKON TOM AND I ARE MAID'S PET LOVES FOR THE MOMENT! CHUCKLE!
RACH!

Hallowe'en 'spells' more laughs next week!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION